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SIXPENCE

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## Notes of the Week

It had been obvious for a month past that an American bank crisis was impending, but the completeness of the suspension took people by surprise, and shook everything in the United States except the famous smile of President Hoover, which remained to the last. It is now for President Roosevelt to pick up the pieces and—what will be far more difficult, since some of them are smashed and some are broken beyond repair—to put them together again.

The American Humpty-Dumpty banking system is at least fifty years behind the times, and nothing but a complete and thorough-going reform—or, alternatively, a Government guarantee of deposits—will restore confidence.

Since the American Treasury has refused to guarantee private deposits—which suggests that the position is worse than has been publicly admitted—there is nothing for it but to wind up a good many of the local State or National Banks, to write off a large proportion of the deposits and capital as lost, and to start again. That means, of course, loss of savings and privation and hardship in thousands of homes, a further diminution of spending power and, consequently, increased unemployment.

All that appears to be inevitable, but unless the system which has brought about these evils is

changed, the same situation will repeat itself in twenty or thirty years without fail. It is essential that the number of banks be limited by law, that their powers of action be subject to greater legal restraint, and that the interests of their customers be definitely safeguarded by some form of Federal control. If President Roosevelt carries through a reform of this kind he may be momentarily unpopular in some of the States and among the more speculative commercial or pseudo-commercial borrowers, but in the end he will be saluted as a benefactor from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Off we go again! And the Prime Minister, Sir John Simon with him, is to go special pleading at Geneva once more. Obviously we believe neither in the necessity nor in the usefulness of such a visit. It must impose further delay on the conduct of home affairs and it will be a miracle if any effect is produced on the Disarmament Conference which has been languishing for thirteen years. Mr. MacDonald is credited with three separate or, perhaps, conjoint plans—an armaments truce for one, two or five years; an instrument to put in treaty form the points on which some sort of agreement has been reached; and an adjournment of the Conference until times more favourable to disarmament may have arrived.

Mr. MacDonald is said to be extremely disquieted by the increasing tension between France and Germany. He does, of course, make surprising discoveries and shows a redoubtable power of prophetic deduction. Some day soon he will discover threats to peace in

**The Stewpond of War**

the Polish issue, in the ambitions and sensitiveness of Italy, in the trouble between China and Japan, and in the intrigues of Moscow. When it is too late, he may even surmise that Geneva has been the stewpond of war, the Disarmament Conference an incitement to the use of force, and the League of Nations the grave of all their hopes.

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Herr Hitler has done it. It was inevitable that a triumph of Hitlerism in Germany should make France as nervous as a cat, for if

**According to Hitler** the Versailles Treaty goes can France be expected to have any confidence in Kellog or Locarno?

Of course not. When Hitler declares (giving a specious interpretation to the clauses of a notoriously leaking Treaty) that the Allies have not conformed to Versailles because they have shown no sign of disarming themselves to the limits then imposed on Germany, he will argue that Germany thereby recovers automatically the freedom to re-arm. It will be a grotesque argument. But what does that matter? It will be accepted as gospel in Germany, where Hitler has made a beginning by incorporating his Nazi organisation in the police.

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But what shall we do when these things come about? Disinterest ourselves in France, as we have disinterested ourselves in Japan?

**Not Palmerstonian** Almost certainly if Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin have their way against the crumbling barriers of Sir John Simon's more logical sympathies. We shall jettison our only friend, whom we have backed with that irresolute partiality which neither binds the friend nor placates the foe, and not buy off the enmity which nearly had our life fourteen years ago. That is foreign policy to-day, and there lie behind it the half-scuppered Navy, the contemptibly little Army, and the eviscerated Air Force which have been our self-sacrificing contributions to the graven image of Pacifism. All this is quite in accordance with the Socialism of Mr. MacDonald, and not much opposed to the Liberalism of Sir John Simon. But what on earth has it to do with the Conservatism which keeps the "National" Government in being and its Ministers in office?

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"A Solicitor" contributes to our correspondence columns a letter on corporal punishment in schools which strikes us as illogical to the verge of absurdity. Arguing from his own experience at Dulwich against corporal punishment he admits the use of the cane by prefects of the school as part of its admirable discipline and suggests, at the end of his letter, that the use of the cane is very often Sadistic in its application. We are in

any case sick of the name of the Marquis de Sade and of his theories of sexual abnormality. But if we are asked to think of Sixth Form at a public school as a collection of premature and abandoned young Sadists, the effort of imagination becomes impossible. Let us go on with the old-fashioned slipper, cane, or birch and have done with this bemused jargon of sex, complex, and fixation.

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Mr. George Balfour, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company, in his speech at the Ordinary General Meeting, expressed in admirably clear language the point of view which has been maintained in these columns with regard to the activities of the Joint Electricity Authority. "The J.E.A. should act in a judicial capacity and not as an operating concern or as a competitor." He admitted, indeed welcomed, the right of any properly constituted judicial authority to see that the services supplied by the Electricity authorities are properly administered. As a matter of public policy the J.E.A., which must be judicial in character, should neither own nor operate, much less compete with, electricity undertakings whether privately owned or not. The Electricity Commissioners are the established judicial authority for the country and the London and Home Counties District "does not require, and ought not to tolerate, another authority" such as the J.E.A. with its mixed functions.

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If any layman can understand thoroughly the new Agricultural Bill, he is *ipso facto* fit to fill up Income Tax returns correctly and even to comprehend currency questions. It seems to be modelled entirely on the Pig Report and to apply throughout the industry of farming the semi-socialistic plan of rationalisation by products and Boards. It has, however, this essential grace, that each branch of the industry will be responsible for its own reorganisation and that any control by the State will be limited to aid, which may—in certain cases—be granted or withheld at the will of Parliament.

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There are, it seems, to be separate reorganisation schemes for the primary and secondary products of agriculture, each with a Board to contribute its wisdom to a third Board charged with the recommendation of a complete scheme for this particular branch of the industry. Given a scheme, the Board of Trade will be empowered to limit imports by order in support of such a scheme—which seems to imply Food duties without parliamentary sanction. And each scheme is to be run by an administrative Board, from within

**The Cost of Salvage**

the industry, which will have wide powers, derived from authority granted by an order of the Minister of Agriculture. In this case, however, such an order must have the sanction of both Houses of Parliament. The whole plan sounds complicated, but it may, in practice, be simpler than it sounds. While it is admittedly an extension of the Socialist Agricultural Marketing Act of 1931, while the consumer seems likely to be the milch-cow, and while it must have the enthusiastic approval of farmers to be feasible, it is the first attempt to tackle agricultural problems comprehensively. Duties on foodstuffs might surely have been a less cumbrous way. But we would not crab any resolute effort to save farming and few prices are too high for such salvage.

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### A Mystic's Choice

The words of Rábi'a's prayer : all-knowing Lord,  
Make this world's goods the portion of thy foes  
And Paradise thy followers' reward ;  
But as for me, remote from these and those  
I stand, for ever free.  
Losing both worlds, I count the loss as light  
If but one instant I may be thy friend :  
Content I take from thee my beggar's plight—  
From thee my true content, wealth without end,  
Thyself thy gift to me.

F.P.

[From Farid-ud-din Attár's "Disputation of the Birds," Garcia de Tassy's version in his edition, Paris 1875, p. 571 of the translation, departs widely and it seems wilfully from the original. Rábi'a (A.D. 717-801) was one of the early Súfi Saints. See Margaret Smith, Rábi'a the Mystic, Cambridge 1928.]

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The excrescence of two storeys, which is rising above the line of Carlton House Terrace, is growing rapidly and it is to be feared that nothing now can be done about it. Fortunately the Terrace cannot be regarded as an architectural gem of the first order. Its façade is marred by a certain artificiality and a casual glance will observe a curious blurred and misty effect about the capitals of its pillars. Closer inspection shows that each of them is swathed in a kind of basket of fine wire netting, presumably to prevent birds nesting in their foliage. It is hard not to be reminded of a Victorian drawing-room with its furniture swathed in dust-covers. There must surely be something wrong in capitals which stand in need of such protection, though, perhaps, the halo of the classic gods may be urged in its defence, if the halo was in truth intended to guard the divine head from bird droppings.

Yet London does lose something by the intrusion of this pustule. A general idea inspired the buildings that look down on the Mall and the line is now broken and is apparently to remain

broken for fifty years when perhaps the whole Terrace will come down. The individualism of our country has made any general design a rarity : we are too concerned with the trees to care about the wood and London is sadly lacking in the artistic *coup d'œil*. Good will come out of evil, if Carlton House Terrace serves as a warning and saves more beautiful things from destruction. In France legislation is always ready to defend the beautiful. In our country the Place Vendôme would long ago have lost its unique character. Cannot similar action be taken on behalf of the view from Adelphi Terrace ? A Bill is before Parliament to deprive London of this charm. Is it not possible to bring in another bill to preserve our heritage in perpetuity ?

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The following story from the *Daily Sketch* is worth repeating. Reading in the *Daily Sketch* of

**This Picture and That**

the plucky fight Herbert Richards, a farmer, put up against an attempt to make him pay his taxes twice, Lady Houston rang up the *Daily Sketch* and asked them to send a cheque for £10 to Herbert Richards with the following message—“ Bravo Herbert Richards ! You and I belong to the Bulldog Breed of Britons. We don't bark. We bite. Lucy Houston.” Lady Houston also said “ when one compares the sturdy character of Herbert Richards—a simple farmer—with the contemptible degenerates of the Oxford Union one asks oneself—is it for this that parents sent their sons to college ? A university education—Pah ! I would rather that my children were ignorant of all that Oxford could teach them and had the spirit of patriotism, loyalty, decency and self respect, qualities that Oxford does not seem able to inculcate. These renegades should be treated as the Untouchables in India are treated where even their shadow cast upon your path is considered a contamination.”

It is absolutely true to say that Lady Houston, expressing her opinion of Oxford, its Union, and its Union's motion with her characteristic candour, is the mouthpiece of a majority of minds. She generally is. Whether the University as a whole has been traduced by the Union is another question. In our more lady-like days it would be ungenerous to expect the rough horse-play and the schoolboyish revenges which the young savages of pre-war times might have adopted. But the ease with which the anti-patriots have got away with it may be merely apparent.

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A Berlin correspondent writes : Instead of a Revolution, instead of a Fascist march on Berlin

**Up the Nazis** *alla Romana*, the position remains pretty much what it was a week ago, with the reactionaries still at the helm but with the rudder still not entrusted solely to the crazy hands of Adolf

Hitler. A better result was not to be expected, but considerable dangers have been narrowly averted.

Anybody who, like myself, has been travelling recently in Germany must have recognised that the country stood at a cross-roads. The National-Socialists—better known as “Nazis”—were eager for a *coup d'état*. For weeks past, escorted by lorry-loads of police with rifles at the ready, they have been parading the towns in their ugly yellow shirts and brown breeches, with their swastika armbands proudly proclaiming their alleged Aryan origin and ideals. For weeks past the inimitable Adolph, who combines the moustache of a Charlie Chaplin with the megalomania of a Napoleon, has been addressing packed meetings of adherents and delivering speeches to millions of listeners over the wireless; his utter lack of constructive ideas has been concealed by the fervour of his delivery and by his incessant use of slogans dear to the German bourgeois heart.

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The Nazis hoped to sweep the board, but as things stand, the two reactionary parties—Nazis and Nationalists—have a majority

**All  
for the  
Best**

so long as they act together. Therefore it is impossible (or so I hope) for Hitler to pretend that democratic government has failed, and he has no valid excuse for a *coup d'état*. Thus all has happened for the best. There will be no Nazi Fascism, no pogroms, no looting of the big multiple-stores (all Jew-controlled), no mad defiance of the Allies, no baiting of the Poles to start trouble in the East, no baiting of the Czechs to give an excuse for a flare-up in Central Europe. No doubt these things, or some of them, will come in time; but by that time the German people may have recognised that Hitler's emotional utterances are not a sufficient substitute for statesmanship. I hold no brief for Von Papen, but he is certainly a far wiser man than the egregious Hitler. In which connection I may be permitted to retail a typical Berlin story which has, I am sure, no basis in fact but is at least symbolical. It is said that Hindenburg is unable to understand Hitler's Austrian accent, and that Von Papen has to accompany the Chancellor on his formal visits to the President in order to act as interpreter!

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Admirable, admirably prompt, and clear as seem the interim recommendations of Lord Hanworth's

**Trial  
By  
Jury**

Committee, the proposal to abolish Grand Juries will be, as it always has been, controversial. In theory the Grand Jury seems a redundancy, an extra link in the legal chain. But experience on a Grand Jury, especially at the Old Bailey, proves its worth. These twelve men are not dominated by Recorder or Judge; they have the opportunity of sifting the gravity and necessity

of the charge; they can obviate the chance of injustice and prevent a waste of public money. They do their job zealously and have the intelligence for it, and they are, on their small model, a bulwark of public rights. The verdict of this Committee of Judges on this point carries great weight. But it should not be made final simply because it seems so authoritative.

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The American crisis is one thing dealt with on an earlier page. The inauguration of the new

**The  
Loud  
Speaker**

President, as featured by the wireless, is another. And we think it something of a misfortune that this long-distance broadcast should have “come-off” so well. For if anything could be calculated to bring to non-Transatlantic English minds a realisation of what strikes them as the vulgarities of American public life, this is it. Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments may have been admirable: they sounded rather nasal and quite insincere. His references to his—and our—Creator were probably natural in their simplicity and piety; they sounded cheap and theatrical. Television might have remedied the distortions of the instrument. Without it, there seemed to be only one loud speaker. And he far too loud.

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**Anomalies**

Over production! So the children creep Half clad to school because clothes are too cheap. Over production! Thousands under fed; Strange men must starve because there's too much bread.

No homes for heroes; yet with idle hands About the street the workless builder stands. Why is it such anomalies exist? The Plain man cries to the Economist.

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The advent of strangers into high Tory counsels traditionally results in the watering down of our own vintage wines: and in 1922

**The  
Baby-Grand  
National**

the Lloyd Georgian Coalition fell from a growing perception that strategically the Tory Party was being asked to abandon the defence of authority for the task, already welcome to the Left in politics, of extending Liberty. A lady delegate to the recent party caucus, hitherto a strong believer in National Government, declares that never in her life had she met such abuse of Ministers and high policy. Drift and drip is loathed in the constituencies. Now an Islington Tory M.P. has kicked over the traces in public, and many more might do so but for their Means Test at the Central Office at the next election—a pressure which this generation has seen before, on the Irish Treaty. Men were then refused a penny of party funds in spite of convictions or of constituency feeling unless and

until they voted for surrender. It is not only trade union nominees who are tied M.P.'s.

The promising intrigue to change the Party's title (and constitution) to "National" is going badly. Naturally so. What is "National" in Mr. MacDonald's international antics? Is patriotism a monopoly of his? It's a foolish question-begging title anyway. And who knows that at the next election M.P.'s may not be thankful to call themselves as in 1922 by the plain old party name? Anyhow one story is dead or dormant, that of another election in the autumn. Rotherham put it to sleep.

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It may be natural and even praiseworthy in the Bishop of Blackburn to fall foul of the novels and

**In Puris Naturalibus** films of to-day because they are so full of sex and especially of sex gone wrong. But has it occurred to Dr. Herbert that his criticism may have begun at the wrong end? Plays, films, and novels are remarkably full of the urge of sex and of illicit loves which are not castigated in the manner of older generations. But plays, films, and novels must reflect the life, the morals, and the manners of the time in which they are written. They always have done so, from "Tom Jones" to "The Heir of Redcliffe," and if they fail to do this, they can command neither profit nor honour. So the Bishop should spare the authors and contend against the conduct and code of the age. His task would be more difficult and his success problematical, for the age thinks freely and audaciously and suffers critics ungladly. But those whose business it is to hold the mirror up to nature cannot be blamed for her blemishes.

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Why should not the railways take a leaf out of the shipping companies' practice and try a flat-rate

**The Railway Rot** for all articles carried by the common user, measuring only by weight plus cubic capacity? There are 6,000 differential rates and only

a handful of traders can master the traffic manager's Bradshaw. Tyres wrapped, used or unused, umbrella frames, made up and not made up, all are under separate schedules. Bronze pays more than steel. It can afford to—like our M.P.'s, whose state-given fare is first-class, paid for by the third-class travellers who pay the taxes. Railwaymen say that a flat-rate means a basic rise. Does it? They said so about cheap tickets—till motor-buses came.

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Mussolini has come forward in Italy as the champion of the bird and in this country attempts

**The Birthright of the Birds** are being made to rescue from torture and captivity the song birds we all profess to love. Could not our municipal authorities set an

example? Is there any reason why three owls should languish in utter boredom in Battersea Park? It is true that the keeper who looks after them whistles to them "The Londonderry Air" with remarkable tunefulness when he cleans out their cage, but surely they would prefer freedom. Again the aviary in the same park is not a satisfactory specimen of its kind. The golden pheasant and the silver pheasant look utterly miserable in their pen, and if the cocks and hens accept their lives as natural, the pigeons must resent the exiguity of their quarters. A little imagination might make them as happy as the herons and the peacocks, who find their homes in the islands which seem to have been constructed as bird sanctuaries.

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### The Wall of Silence

[It was reported that Mr. Bernard Shaw did not make one Shavian observation during his flight over the Great Wall of China.—*Daily Paper*.]

If there is any truth at all  
In the above report that a flight over China's Great Wall

Had the astonishing effect of completely silencing Mr. Bernard Shaw,

Then I think there certainly ought to be a law Compelling all those who speak or write At inordinate length to make a similar flight. For if it could absolutely put the closure on G.B.S. It might possibly tone down Mr. James Douglas of the *Express*,

And even abate the weekly fervour Of Mr. Garvin in the *Observer*.

If I had the making of such a law one of the conditions

Would be that all politicians (Yes, even those who only say "Hear! Hear!") Should fly over the Great Wall at least once a year; Not that I bear these people any animosity But because I think it might cure any tendency to verbosity.

I would also include some of these tireless And rather boring people on the Wireless Who make me long to go for a walk As soon as they start to talk.

I would certainly give no choice In the matter to Mr. James Joyce Or to Miss Gertrude Stein,—

In fact if the decision were mine I would keep them flying over the Wall Until its sobering influence induced them not to write at all.

I would also insist—but no, perhaps I had better conclude

Before some insufferably rude Reader of the *Saturday Review* Suggests (as he is pretty sure to do) That it might

Be a good thing for everybody if I myself were forced to make such a flight.

W. HODGSON BURNET.

## The Economics of Abundance—III.

Trade and Political Solutions—By A. Wyatt Tilby

**A**BUNDANCE has knocked a hole in the existing economic system. And, for reasons that will now appear, it looks like knocking a hole in the existing political system.

Last week I dealt with the point that there is now too much money in the world, and showed that the private investor is becoming chary of private investment, and prefers official securities and government guarantees. This change of attitude, which has been directly influenced by the immediate financial results of abundance, is extraordinarily important. Capital seldom talks very loud. But when it acts, it usually acts effectively.

Now for the two remaining items in the indictment against abundance: (a) that there are too many people in the world and (b) too much food.

The first is manifestly unsound. With surplus corn, coffee, and sugar being used instead of fuel, it is ridiculous to talk about excessive population. I do not ignore the factor of under-consumption or the under-nourishment of the poorer classes or poorer countries; but even allowing for that, more food is grown than the present population can eat, and the world's food supply could easily be doubled.

In another hundred years the population question may become an urgent one, but not till then. Let us at least try to be accurate in our diagnosis: the trouble is not that there are too many people in the world but that there are too few jobs.

What the eugenists mean when they talk of the need for reducing population is that some of the quantity is deficient in quality. No doubt; but that is another story altogether, and from the present point of view, the eugenic remedy is worse than the disease. A smaller population would obviously consume less food.

That brings us to the second objection, that there is too much food in the world already—a point which has far more substance.

There are two possible solutions. Either

- (a) Enough producers must be put out of business to restore the normal slight shortage of supplies on which the old price and profit system was based, but which has broken down under abundance; or
- (b) the price paid to the producer must be artificially increased to a profitable level.

The first is obviously stupid.

On the short view, since the producers who are put out of business would presumably object either to drowning themselves or being drowned, they would have to be kept as paupers by the rest of the community; and while prices would no doubt rise sufficiently in the end for the remaining producers to make some sort of a living, the burden of maintaining the unsuccessful would go far to neutralise the benefit.

And on the long view it would simply mean that civilisation, having progressed so far as to leave want and hunger behind, put material success

behind it, and turned its back on its own achievement simply because it was too lazy to think out a new economic system.

It may, of course, decide to do so, and to return to the traditional order—which has now become chaos; in other words, it may decide that the game of progress is not worth the candle of effort, and prefer to be mentally lazy. But the whole argument of these papers is that society would be better advised to take advantage of the new situation which it has itself created, even if it has to sit up and think out the whole economic and political system afresh. Economic laws, after all, are made by man for man, not by God for man. They are merely convenient generalisations to fit circumstances, and when circumstances change, I submit that the generalisations must change with them.

An economic system made to fit a normal shortage manifestly will not do for a social system confronted by a normal surplus; it simply results in paradox. (Cheaper production, for instance, under the old system, meant increased consumption and therefore increased employment; under the new conditions, on the contrary, it means increased unemployment, and that ultimately means diminished consumption—which is absurd.)

The price paid to the producer, then, must be increased by other means than putting a large number of producers out of business. But this can only be done either by (a) internal regulation within the industry, or (b) by external—that is, government—control.

Two questions immediately arise. Which method is more likely to succeed? And which will be the better for society?

Internal regulation is obviously the more limited method. Broadly speaking, an industry can only regulate itself from within when it is concentrated in few hands. It has been possible to regulate the diamond trade, but it would not be possible to regulate the potato trade from within. Moreover, regulation from within practically always implies limitation of output. It is true, of course, that demand can be stimulated by propaganda: "Say it with Flowers" and "Eat more Fruit" are said to have reduced the number of greengrocers (a notoriously difficult trade) whose wives have found them in the gas-oven. But the effect of this sort of stimulus is not usually great, and for all practical purposes internal regulation by the trade means limitation of output.

There remains, then, the alternative of government control; that is to say, external political, as distinguished from internal economic regulation. What are we to say to this? In the first place, and quite simply, that times have changed and we with them. Twenty years ago there would have been a howl against the very idea of political control: "Let Government leave Business alone," "Bureaucracy strangles Trade," and all the rest

of it. But the first result of abundance has been excessive competition, and trade (to say nothing of finance) has very nearly strangled itself in consequence. And the second result of abundance has been that capital, faced with prospective losses, will no longer invest in ordinary speculative private enterprise, and prefers government support or security.

These are highly practical reasons making for Government control of industry—they have in fact already produced the quota, which (a) regulates but does not necessarily limit production, and (b) either raises or guarantees the price to the producer. The quota is, of course, the first step to official price-fixing—which means also wage-fixing (and, in all probability, also a reform in the business of retail distribution—which is both extravagant and incompetent in comparison with production). But that particular subject, which goes back through our own Parliamentary history to Diocletian and even the Pentateuch, is too complicated a tangle for discussion in this series of articles.

On the main question, no doubt, it will be objected that Government control of industry means an extension of the functions of government. Of course it does. But when so much private enterprise of the old type has either come to a standstill or is going downhill backwards, the choice for progressive minds should not be too difficult.

After all, everybody knows that any advance in civilisation, however successful and worth while it may be, creates a new set of social problems. And since human society has been organised from the

start on political rather than economic lines, these problems have almost always been solved—where they have in fact been solved—on political rather than economic lines.

Actually, as we all know, these problems have not always been solved. One civilisation after another in the past has progressed, reached its summit-level of prosperity, and then decayed. Why?

There is assuredly no reason in the nature of things why it should decay, and the reasons put forward by historians usually seem quite inadequate to account for the smash. Behind each separate case, however, one seems to see always this general rule—that new conditions have produced a new environment and a set of new problems which that particular society either could not face or could not solve.

Clearly there is some danger of that happening to-day, under the new conditions and new problems created by abundance. The very fact that so many people are thinking in terms of limitation shows that they do not realise what the new environment means. Limitation is, in fact, always a tacit confession of failure, and very often a tacit admission of funk as well.

But the boldest course pays best in the end, and in the final article next week I shall submit that, under the new economics of abundance, society can afford to take not only long views but also large views as to its future. To those who prefer the alternative of a progressively increasing economic, financial, and social paralysis, I bid here a reluctant farewell.

## Railways, Roads and the Salter Report

By Lord Monkswell

EVER since motor transport by road became extensive railways all over the world have complained that road motors were conveying traffic that in the best interests of all classes should go by rail.

British railways, like those of other countries, have raised a bitter outcry.

The subject is one of much complication. Obviously a great deal of traffic now passing by the roads is new traffic, which, if road motors had not been invented, would not exist at all, and a great deal more, which in the absence of motors would have gone by rail, is more conveniently dealt with by motors running from door to door. On the other hand a certain amount of very heavy traffic, which would appear to be specially adapted to be transported by rail, has been diverted to the roads and involves the use of road motors so heavy and cumbrous as to do great damage to the roads themselves and cause annoyance to road-users in general.

As in all cases of rivalry between two methods of doing the same thing, the matter in dispute is where and how the line is to be drawn between them,

I have myself always regarded this matter of road-rail competition as a very unreal dispute and I do not for one moment believe that it has anything like the importance attributed to it in the public utterances of railway chairmen and managers.

The bulk of railway revenue comes from three sources:—

- (1) Heavy long distance goods trains;
- (2) Long distance express trains; and
- (3) Intensive suburban passenger traffic.

None of these sources of revenue has so far been seriously diminished by road competition.

On the other hand the road motors are specially suited for short distances and small traffics, such as the passenger service of small villages and the local distribution of parcels. These services are those that pay the railways least well—they are often conducted at a loss.

Nevertheless there does exist, as already remarked, a certain amount of heavy traffic which passes by road but is more suitable for the railway.

The Salter Conference has found that the taxation of motor vehicles is so low as to constitute an unfair advantage for road vehicles which com

pete with the railways. In the space at my disposal I cannot go fully into this question, but the Chairman of the Royal Commission on Transport has publicly stated that, far from concurring in this view, he considers that road vehicles taken as a whole are overtaxed. I agree with him. There is, however, one point about which, I think, there is little dispute, and that is that, as all road lorries over 5 tons pay the same license duty, the extremely heavy ones, which must be presumed to do most damage to the roads, should be called on to pay more.

The large amount of attention devoted to road-rail competition is in my belief a case of barking up the wrong tree.

The real trouble is the question of railway charges which are much too high. If these were reduced to a reasonable level the road-rail controversy would soon sink into insignificance. No doubt a certain amount of extremely heavy goods traffic, unsuitable for the road, is forced away from the railway and on to the road by high railway charges, and even some long distance passenger traffic. I do not know of any statistics that really throw much light on the latter and I myself believe that a large part of the long distance road passenger traffic is attracted more by the amenities of the road than in any other way. In particular there must always be a strong preference among holiday

makers for roads, which keep to the heights, as against railways, which in the finest scenery pass for a great part of their way through cuttings and tunnels.

Taking one thing with another I believe that nothing that the Government may do to carry out the Salter Report is likely to be of much advantage to the railways. Railway charges due to excessive wages are the root of the trouble. Elaborate re-organisation over a long series of years may finally enable each railway servant to do so much more work than he does at present that wages on something like the present scale may become economically possible. But for a good many years to come nothing but a severe reduction in railway wages has the least chance of setting railways on their legs again.

It must be remembered that railway men at the present time constitute a privileged class. By playing on the general disinclination to face the inconvenience of a railway strike the railway servants have contrived to force their wages up to a point about 50 per cent. higher than the increase on 1914 rates secured by the average of workpeople in other trades, and they are treating with contempt all proposals that they should make the least sacrifice to help the public, with whom, not unnaturally, they are unpopular.

## Dickens, Thackeray and Yates

With an unknown "Indiscretion" by Trollope

By Wilfred Partington

**I**T was only a storm in a soup-plate. But it involved, among others, William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope and Edmund Yates; and it was a sequel to a famous episode that was the cause of one of the longest and most famous quarrels in literary annals. It is now possible to give, for the first time, a hitherto suppressed chapter of the story from the pen of Trollope.

The chief persons in the dramatic episode were Thackeray and Edmund Yates the journalist, novelist, and afterwards founder of "The World." One day Yates conceived the then sensational idea of writing a column of personal gossip "in a respectable" newspaper. He put the idea before Vizetelly; who gave him his opportunity in "The Illustrated Times" under the title "The Lounger at the Clubs."

So successful was the feature that it led to the appointment of Yates as editor of "Town Talk"; in the second number of which—in contrast to an adulatory notice of Dickens in the first—he wrote a "very impudent and unfriendly" sketch of Thackeray. This was hotly resented by Thackeray; who was now basking in the fame of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*; and who was exalted as a member of the committee of the Garrick Club.

A very unpleasant quarrel ensued; and in the result Yates, who was also a member of the Garrick, was struck off the list of members. Thackeray (in "Young Grub-Street") in his next novel, "The Virginians," promptly had a hit at Yates; who replied in a bitter travesty entitled "Bouillabaisse," and also in a pamphlet *Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Yates, and the Garrick Club* (1859); which is an exceedingly scarce and "desirable" book-collectors' item.

Throughout the affair Charles Dickens was Yates's adviser. In this delicate position Dickens acted with remarkable candour and judiciousness: he took, in fact, the legal view. He told his friend Yates that the article on Thackeray was indefensible; but on the other hand, he maintained, it was no business of the Garrick Club to interfere. If Thackeray had a grievance it was one for him to settle personally. Thackeray was a touchy customer. Dickens's attitude caused a life-long estrangement between the two great Victorian novelists.

This chapter of the story—or most of it—is known. Now comes the sequel of the soup-plate storm—this time with Yates and Trollope in the soup. Yates, the witty and clubbable "Lounger," was not losing the amenities of the Garrick without a fight that was fast becoming a feud. When

George Smith launched the "Cornhill" magazine with the sole object of running serially a novel by Thackeray (who promptly became editor as well); Yates came out with the rival "Temple Bar."

One of the best of the Smiths was George, the great publisher, who is immortalised as "Dr. John" in Charlotte Brontë's *Villette*. He paid his authors well, gave them encouragement and (better still) good dinners; and he built his own imperishable monument when he founded *The Dictionary of National Biography*. London in the not-so-staid days of the strait-laced Queen was a great place for literary dinners.

Those of George Smith were so successful that, on going to live at Hampstead, he reserved an open day—Friday—when his author friends could come without invitation. On one occasion no less than forty of them "just looked in"—including Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and Charles Reade. As his cook left no memoirs there is no record of her comments on the invasion. When the "Cornhill" was launched, the enterprising publisher's dinings and wineings became more sumptuous than ever.

These famous literary dinners are mentioned by Anthony Trollope towards the end of chapter VIII of his famous *Autobiography*—one of the most curious memoirs ever written by an author. Now it so happens that the autograph manuscript of the *Autobiography* has just been presented to the British Museum by the Friends of the Library through the instrumentality of Mr. Michael Sadleir; who has done much for Trollope—both biographically and bibliographically. Learning that the manuscript contained some things not in the printed text, I called to see it. To do so, however, recalled the formalities of the opening of Tutankhamen's Tomb. Eventually, the kindly and able officials of the MS. Department brought in the precious manuscript, wrapped in the original brown paper, on a wooden tray for my inspection. (The head of John the Baptist was not handed to Herod with so much awe and gingerliness.)

The penultimate paragraph of Chapter VIII of the *Autobiography*, as printed, ends with the words "but I cannot now recall their various names as identified with those banquets." Turning to the manuscript, I found that Trollope had written, but that either he or his son had afterwards struck out, the following revealing passage; which has, in consequence, been unknown until now. Here is the second and suppressed chapter of the soup-story at first hand, by the one who—together with the indiscreet Yates—was well in it:—

"I do not know whether I did not put an end to these dinners by an indiscretion of my own. It was, I think, at the first of them [i.e., the "Cornhill" ones] that Thackeray, sitting opposite to his host, asked whether Dr. Johnson was getting his dinner behind the scenes. The old story is too well known to require any further telling here. Our munificent publisher, being engaged with his neighbour, did not hear the question, and Thackeray, naturally anxious for his little joke, repeated it. Whereupon Mr. Smith, who was still very eager with the friend at his elbow, replied that he did not think there was anybody of the name of Johnson in the room. There was not much fun in it, but—what there was—consisted in Thackeray's vain attempt to have his allusion recognised. On the next morning I un-

fortunately told the story to a friend;—but I told it also in the presence of a man to whom nothing could be told quite safely. He was, though I did not know it then, a literary gutter-scraper—one who picked up odds and ends of scandal from chance sources, and, turning them with a spice of malice into false records, made his money of them among such newspapers as would pay him. This story, altogether bedevilled and twisted from the truth—crammed with bitterness both against Thackeray and Smith, loaded with poison—was sent to an American newspaper. That alone would not have mattered much, because American newspapers are not much read in this country. But "The Saturday [Review]", which everybody reads, or which at least everybody then read, got hold by chance of the American paper and, *more suo*, tore everybody concerned to pieces. Why were such dinners given? Why were such stories told? Was it endurable to anybody that the conversation of a private table in London should be made gossip to satisfy the evil cravings of New York readers? This article afflicted Thackeray much. It annoyed Smith greatly. I taxed the gutter-scraper with his offence, and he owned his sin, praying to be forgiven. I confessed my fault to the others—for it was a fault to have told anything in the presence of such a man. I was pardoned, but there were no more Cornhill dinners."

Some annotation of this interesting revelation is required. In the first place, it should be added that Thackeray retaliated upon Yates in one of his "Roundabout Papers" entitled "On Screens in Dining Rooms." As to Trollope's account, his memory was apparently at fault in saying that the episode occurred at the first of the "Cornhill" dinners. Certainly it was not the first *and* the last of the famous repasts; because a considerable time would elapse before the story returned from America for "The Saturday Review," followed by other periodicals, to express horror at the sacrilege.

To understand Thackeray's joke with his publisher, it is necessary to recall the "old story" that Doctor Johnson, during the time he was working on his great Dictionary, was so poor that he dined behind a screen on account of the shabbiness of his clothes, when at the house of Cave, the printer-publisher of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

The "literary gutter-scraper" is, of course, Yates—this description coming from an ardent supporter and admirer of Thackeray. But Trollope, in turn, was not flattered by Charles Dickens. Forster, commenting at Gadshill on Yates's latest novel, *Broken to Harness* (1864), said: "It is really very good, my dear Dickens—quite as good as Anthony Trollope." To which the author of *Pickwick Papers* replied: "That is not very high praise."

### Recognition

Be still under my hand which hears your heart;  
Be still, in this moment, for desire is dead:  
If ever; it is now you will understand  
Communion, when the flesh is comforted  
By touch—tender as dust which lies on dust.  
Love hath no part in our embrace, nor lust;  
For in this moment we have pass'd beyond  
The humanness of both: we are the earth  
Made known of her own loveliness, and loath  
To leave the blood and be oblivion'd.

WILLIAM SOUTAR.

## Music and Musicians By Herbert Hughes

**S**OMEONE the other day expressed his mystification at the thought that Sir Thomas Beecham really understands the music of Delius. Apropos of the second *Dance Rhapsody*, in which the dance represents the principle of reality and the rhapsody the composer's renunciation of it, he remarked that it was a "lasting mystery" that Sir Thomas should have such astonishing intuitive sympathy with this characteristic conflict in Delius.

Actually, of course, the lasting mystery is that one man should be musical and another not. To praise a conductor or any executive artist for the catholicity of his taste, for his intuitive sympathy with the music of all schools and periods, is simply to acknowledge his musicianship. In other words, to give him credit for being (what most of us hope we are) normal and broadminded.

Somewhere between the extremes of specialisation and versatility you will find the really accomplished artist, the artist who has reached mastery. Specialisation in the interpretative art—that is, in the choice of music for performance—suits certain temperaments; it is professionally convenient and economical. But it is not always greatly to be admired. It is too often the choice of the public artist who has an eye to the main chance; the choice of one who is intellectually indolent, or limited in artistic vision, or egotistical, or a bit of all three. One thing is pretty certain: it ultimately stultifies the interpretative artist, be he conductor or performer, in his approach to work outside his chosen field. Whole-time concentration on the symphonies or sonatas of Beethoven can be no more healthy than complete absorption in the works of Stravinsky or Alban Berg. It is always possible to have too much of a good thing, as of a bad or indifferent thing.

### Finding the Specialist Out

Now and then the specialist is found out. In an unguarded moment the Beethoven pianist attempts a Chopin group or some Liszt, the Stravinsky expert a Beethoven symphony, and the result in each case is disastrous. Each has presumed and assumed too much: presumed that an intimate working knowledge of Beethoven or Stravinsky entitled him to tackle the work of another school, assumed that we would let him get away with it. In that unguarded moment the specialist has revealed himself as the egotist, shameless and insufferable.

On the other hand the non-specialist like Beecham—or, for that matter, Coates or Harty or Goossens or Kussevitsky or any other born conductor—is also simple, even if he should present some new problem every time he appears in public. For over a quarter of a century Beecham happens to have demonstrated his masterliness in the music of any school he touches, from Haydn to Hampstead. I would call him a phenomenon, but by no sort of poetic licence a "lasting mystery." If he brings a new problem at all he solves it then

and there on the platform, and he will solve the next one for you in the same emphatic way. This is musicianship. This is efficiency. It may be inspired musicianship playing upon a first-class orchestra, but there is nothing occult about it.

### Beecham and Delius

In a sense, Beecham has made the music of Delius his own. The programme chosen for Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoon was an epitome of the great man's art. It gave us a Suite from the *Hassan* music, the second *Dance Rhapsody* aforesaid, the *Songs of Sunset* (with Olga Haley, Dennis Noble and the London Select Choir), and *Appalachia*. Part of the *Hassan* music as played in the theatre was familiar through gramophone records, but as now played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, with Paul Beard as solo fiddle, its beauty is indescribable—as the best of Delius is, indeed, indescribable. Music so exquisite, so evocative of the stillness of an Oriental night as are certain pages here—music of this kind does truly beggar description. Delius's harmonic code may be repeated or imitated, but there is an unearthliness, a spirituality in this, in practically all of the *Songs of Sunset* and in much of *Appalachia* (in which also Mr. Noble and Mr. Arnold Fulton's well-trained choir took part) that is out of reach of the sacrilegious hand of the hardened imitator.

To hear such music under so authoritative a hand was a privilege. I do not think the soloists were perfectly chosen: Mr. Noble is more at home in gallant, rhetorical music, and Miss Haley, in spite of admirable qualities, does not easily attune herself to mystical or philosophical moods. Delius, moreover, does not always write well for the solo voice. A detail, and what matter? It was the music that drew us to Queen's Hall, and we came away knowing that it was the music, and not Sir Thomas, that is the lasting mystery.

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## Knaves or Fools?

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

**C**LUMSY ineptitude is the Trade Mark of the "National" Government as shown in every law they utter. Wishing to punish Japan and help their "blue-eyed boy" China, their latest gaffe, described by Sir John Simon as "a lead and a gesture to the world," is to forbid this country to supply either Japan or China with arms. This does no harm to Japan—as they have plenty of arms—and only hurts China.

It might be amusing, if it were not so serious, to watch the perfect self-complacency of the "National" Government when, without the slightest authority, they attempt to lay down the law to the rest of the world. When has the world ever followed their lead? What does the world care for their "gestures"? There is only one "gesture"—a very vulgar one—that answers this question.

And yet these self appointed "Leaders" are quite pleased with themselves. They always are. The more stupid and senseless their "gestures," the more they chortle and chuckle and pat each other on the back. Had they made the condition, when they banned the export of English armaments, that our manufacturers of armaments should devote all their time to the making of armaments for this Country, there would have been some sense in what they did. For if ever a Government did everything possible to bring War to a Nation, this Government has and, as sure as night follows day, *these armaments will be wanted*

—here at home—perhaps much sooner than even the most pessimistic of us suppose.

One fool's trick after another—and all with an air of saying "How Superior—How magnificent we are!"—is the rule of the "National" Government. India is to be thrown to the jackals, which means a bloody revolution and the massacre of all the English there. That is another "gesture." The list of their blunders is limitless and yet no one seems to care.

Were I asked to put in the pillory England's three greatest knaves (or fools) I should name Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon and Stanley Baldwin. And until these three false, fatuous, fuddle-headed self-illusionists are got rid of, England will go from bad to worse.

Mr. Dobbie, the Socialist who has just got in at Rotherham, says, "It shows clearly that industrial Britain is solid for Labour as the only party with a constructive alternative to reactionary Toryism." But this is a senseless remark because what he calls "reactionary Toryism" is exactly what the whole country voted for a year ago, and the reason the people are now voting Socialist is because they have never had the Tory Government they voted for at the last Election. And only a Tory Government can save the Country. But what have we got? A Socialist, a Liberal, and a Chameleon (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin). Until these three stumbling blocks are removed and a true Conservative policy instituted the Nation is in deadly peril.

## The Cigar Hegira

By H. Warner Allen

**I**N a letter which was published in the *Saturday Review* last week Mr. F. C. Judge of the English Import Company, shippers, I believe, of the Corona cigars, takes me to task for certain criticisms, which I passed on the transfer of some of the most famous Havana cigar factories from Cuba to the United States. Those criticisms were based on an analogy with wine and, as an analogy may be misleading and no analogy is perfect, it is only fair that I should set out impartially the case put forward by those responsible for the change.

I had better apologise at once for using the phrase "mass production." It applies only too accurately to the wines that are poured out in thousands of nondescript gallons, but, I am assured, there is to be no speeding up of the manufacture of cigars. The cigars will still be hand-rolled and the cigar-makers will roll the same number of cigars per diem: indeed it is impossible for them to roll more, if the cigars are to be smoked. Indeed it is claimed that the workmanship will be better and the proportion of faulty

cigars far lower, to judge from what has so far been accomplished by the American girl makers.

It appears that labour troubles have been a severe handicap to the Cuban industry. Under Trade Union tyranny work has been scamped, valuable tobacco recklessly wasted and expenses have risen to a prohibitive scale. Undoubtedly a certain proportion of faulty cigars did find their way into the Cuban production. Careless rolling makes the cigar burn partially and ruins it. All those I have so far tried from the United States have been perfectly rolled and promise a first-rate maturity.

A certain sentiment attaches to the enjoyment of wine and tobacco and that is why I am not so much impressed by the complaint that the "free smokes" demanded by the Cuban workmen as a right cost the companies £6,000 a month. Ask any grower of the Upper Douro how many pipes of wine he sacrifices to keep his vintagers in good temper and provide them with their fill of the grapes they pick. However, a reduction in price of twenty per cent. is something to set against that sentimental objection.

Time alone will show whether the move will be fully successful and what fails with wine may succeed with tobacco. The transfer of the final and most delicate operation to the United States will bring the cigars inside the heavy tariff duty of that country; it is only possible with the aid of science. Temperature and humidity are to be artificially maintained in the factory so that work may go on through all weathers. In Cuba this is not always possible; for in very dry weather the covering leaves are brittle and break, while in very damp weather they cling to the workman's hands. No doubt scientific methods can produce a definite degree of temperature and humidity. In wine, however, it always turns out that there is something imponderable which upsets all calculations. This may not be the case with cigars.

The making of a cigar is a long and complicated process and it is only the final operations which is travelling overseas. One wonders a little whether the labour conditions which are one of the causes of this transfer will not affect the earlier processes of manufacture. It is probable that the raw leaf will suffer no more in the journey than the rolled cigar, though the time when, and the manner how, a wine sets out on a sea voyage is of vital importance.

I suppose that every cigar smoker will agree that if cigars continue to be as good as they were and cost twenty per cent. less, he will forget any sentimental objection in personal satisfaction.

## "Are You the Trade, Madam?"

By ANNE ARMSTRONG

**S**OMEHOW I had thought of it as being like Wembley, or Whiteleys, or Woolworth's or all three together—stalls where you bought the latest thing in toy elephants, or silk-stockings, or pencils disguised as golf-sticks.

But the British Industries Fair is not a bit like that. They welcome you, they smile upon you, they feed you free with patent foods—Bemax and Bantam coffee and Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa; they lure you with Romany's biscuits, Page & Shaw's chocolates; and they spray you with scent; (at least they sprayed me with Devon Violets but that was for two reasons—firstly, because it stopped me admiring or being sprayed at another scent counter, and secondly because I am a woman—I did not notice any City Magnates or Managing Directors being sprayed.) But oddly enough you cannot buy things there except by the score or the gross or the ton, for forward delivery. And that, of course, rather settles it.

There was a tea-pot, for instance, that I rather fancied. I could indeed do with another teapot, or in case of accidents, with two. But when they whispered "Are you in the trade?" I saw a vision of a dozen tea-pots. . . .

Then again there were the gadgets for saving time and temper—a new egg preservative, for example. Instead of filling large pans with water glass (and then of course upsetting them) you dip the eggs in a liquid, allow them to dry, and pack them away in baskets or cupboards. I have a friend in the country who complains that her hens

lay too many eggs when market prices are high, and one of these egg preservative things would have made a nice return for a jolly week-end she gave me—if I asked for one tin would I be forced to buy a gross of them? Why, she hardly has a gross of hens!

It was the same with the air drier that does away with damp cupboards, sodden biscuits, sticky salt and the like. (The thing intrigued me, and I found it was a small metal box, filled with crystals that absorb moisture). It would have been just the thing for a cousin who has a top flat which, as she says, "catches the damp"—that is to say, the landlord will not spend a penny on the roof. But hang it, I have not got a dozen cousins in a dozen damp flats. "Are you the trade, Madam? . . ."

The Post Office department was rather different. I liked the Teleprinter—a system by which you connect your telephone with a typewriter, and when an important message is coming over the line it is taken down automatically word for word at the same time. This will be extraordinary useful where a mistake in a telephone message may mean a loss of hundreds of pounds—and the lawyers, I fancy, will welcome it, for I hear them complain sometimes that telephone messages are not legal evidence. This particular ingenuity costs a mere fifty odd pounds to install, they told me at Olympia, and it is sold singly, not by the dozen or the score, but this time my heart did not yearn to buy. The one thing they offered me à seul I had to refuse—for I am not a managing director and a flat is only a flat.

But it was in some of the china shops that I really lost my heart, and more particularly to a bowl of china anemones in Crown Staffordshire that would have graced the dinner table of the loveliest house in the land. Mr. Ashbury Green, the Managing Director, told me that most of the flower pieces had been designed by Michael John Dolan, a talented young Irish artist; and it took my fancy greatly to see the way in which Mr. Green himself fingered this little piece, that little group, as if he could hardly have brought himself to sell them—and no wonder! "This was taken from a bunch of flowers picked in my garden," he told me, "and that from a nosegay which I myself collected." The personal touch *does* beat the mass-produced article, after all!

Then, too, there were the enamel-ware shops—particularly Albert Carter's, where they sold (or rather did not sell—"Are you trade, Miss?") things for the dressing table that simply made me catch my breath. These things are not cheap—luxuries, after all, never can be—but when I asked if the present slump and general hard-upness had killed what is, after all, rather an extravagance, I was told that both last year and this year so far had produced quite excellent results. Somehow that seemed to restore my faith in human nature—if people can still spend money on vanities it must still be the same old world and there is still hope for the future.

Perhaps, after all, it is just as well they only sell things wholesale at the British Industries Fair. If it had been a shop and not a trade shop—then I—then my bank manager—then —

**THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT**

# Was the War all Waste?

**Yes, by ALPHA.**

**T**AKE the mere matter—which is all it is—of an eighteen-pounder shell. It is constructed of brass, copper, and lead, filled with explosive, and made in a factory or factories by men, women, boys or girls. It needs a gun to do its work and the gun, made in an arsenal or a munition works, is much more complicated and costly than the shell, which costs, roughly, eight shillings. Each shell fired from the gun, which is capable of a rate of fire of at least thirty shells a minute (a rate which can be maintained until the gun gets so overheated that it jams in the slides) helps to destroy the inner tube which is shrunk into the barrel of the gun. It needs a detachment of some ten men (two might keep the gun in action at a pinch) to fire the shell from the gun. After it has been fired the probable result is that the shell bursts into vain fragments and the whole process is a complete waste of time, labour, and money. In the minority of cases the shell in bursting either kills or maims one or several men or damages roof, wall, trench, parapet, or aeroplane, ship or what not. Then something has been accomplished and the waste is absolute, tragic, and senseless.

That is symptomatic of the war. It killed millions of men throughout the civilised world, the younger and fitter men in that world; it cost millions of money which was blown into thin air unless it earned the dividends of death and wounds; it brought wretchedness on the vanquished and ruin to the victors; it was ended by a peace which for fourteen years has been almost more catastrophic than the war itself; it was fought for ideals now recognised as a mockery and for self-preservation which has not preserved itself.

The war broke women's hearts in making men cynical, callous, brutal, where it left them sane at all. The war made mincemeat of the gospel of Christ, which was no deterrent to its bestialities. The war proved treaties to be bunkum and any code of international law to be unworkable. The war warped the mind of youth and put the iron in the soul of middle age.

This was a war waged in defence of honour and honesty; but the Huns appealed also to the Christian God. It was a "war to end war"; but it was never pushed to its own real end, and how could it end anything else? It was a song of hate and a counsel of despair.

Its heroisms were a waste; its justification was a slogan; its victories were barren. It created no standard of life but only a standard of death. It brought no new morality but only an antique license. It taught statesmen to lie, soldiers to scrounge, and a civilian population to understand the loneliness of fear. No single good has come to any nation which fought in it, but evil has been planted more firmly in a world which prepares already for the next war.

Heaven defend the world! This war was certainly all waste. And the next will be like unto it.

**No, By A STUDENT OF LIFE.**

**W**AS the last war a war to end war? Did those we love give their lives only for this? Surely their courage was no mere negative inspiration. They knew that as long as there are causes worth more than life men must suffer and die for them, if there is to be either love or happiness in the world; for suffering and death are the stuff of love and happiness.

Their sacrifice has had its fruits. The War was not all waste. It is ultimately true that men must die and be born again and many of those who escaped physical death in the great upheaval are very near the rebirth which comes after spiritual sufferings more cruel than death. It is nothing that security has vanished, that the proud Babel of our civilisation has been shaken to its foundations, that youth and age alike have lost the broad high road of prosperity and self-content. It is everything that life has again become a brave adventure and a forlorn hope, that the towers and ramparts of our selfishness have been shaken and that we all are groping in the darkness for the true way whence we wandered in the noonday glare of our conceit.

It was a companion of Sir Walter Raleigh, who complained that there would soon be nothing left but to kiss security, which was the surest road to utter damnation. The War has let loose again the spirit of adventure, but now the risk and the daring lie, not in the discovery of the New World, but in spiritual places where the eternal verities remain. The armour of our pride is shattered; wealth is no longer a sword and buckler; the safety-first of orthodoxy affords no shelter against the hurricane of things as they are and the kingdom of Heaven which is within.

To those who died for their country, because their eyes were set on a far land, we owe this freedom. Chains of respectability, of comfortable conformity, of values accepted not for their worth but for their reputation, have been rent asunder. It is natural that Plato's prisoners suddenly released from their cave should at first be dazzled by the light of liberty and wander perilously astray. So youth after the War seemed to imagine that release from prison meant release from self-control, but the truth must prevail and freedom is bringing with it that dream of the abiding City which was hidden from the prisoner of the too, too solid world. The materialism of the past is shattered and the mystic vision slowly but surely takes its place.

"And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Can material waste, suffering, physical death weigh in the balance against the fulfilment of this promise, which is upon us? Youth is looking fearlessly into the future and beginning to see the vision which is life, while the old are dreaming dreams of the glory which is to come.

No, they did not die in vain.

## N<sub>E</sub>W NOVELS

*The Quick and the Dead.* By Gerald Bullett. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

[Reviewed by ANNE ARMSTRONG]

IT seemed to me, as I read "The Quick and The Dead," that Mr. Bullett had no choice but to write it—that it had lain very near his heart for a very long time. Which (though it is presumptuous and I have no right to let my fancy roam to such a degree) would account for that something that springs from the spirit and is not of the earth earthy—that something that novels very seldom have. I should not have been surprised if he had written it in blank verse, so very near poesy is its conception.

It is a simple story in the form of a personal narration with a small boy as narrator, long after the small boy has grown to man's estate. The small boy writes of Calamy, his father, of Esther, his mother. He learns, whilst still very young, that he is not Calamy's son; he learns that Esther has betrayed Calamy; he learns it from Calamy himself.

And the book is a Solomon's song—sung by the father and the son. They try to guard her from the slander and unkindness stirred up in the village. It is a paean to family life, the family life that shows in humans the grave nobilities of altruism and protection. Esther dies and, sick with sorrow, his mind unhinged with grief, Calamy finds in the boy a real protector of the poor.

A moving story of people with greatness in their souls and told with Mr. Bullett's sensitiveness, with his sense of the dramatic and his knowledge of what saddens and pulls at the heart strings.

*England, their England.* By A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

*All Men Are Enemies.* By Richard Aldington. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.

*Very Private Secretary.* By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

WALKING down the street, you sometimes come to a shop with a mirror, a mirror set obliquely, so that a form advances to meet you; and looking more attentively, the figure takes on an absurd intimacy—it is your own. Usually this familiar in the glass strikes you as a rummy kind of specimen, marching along like that; yet probably not a bad sort, you decide, passing out of range...

Sooner or later, the reader is likely to spot his advancing double in the Macdonell shop window, and the shapes of his friends will flit by with unmistakable and ludicrous distinctness. The reflector has been put up in our High Street and takes glimpses of everybody; and though we laugh at ourselves and the rest of the crowd, they do not appear a bad sort of people. Considering what the English have said about the Scots, Mr. Macdonell is a magnanimous man, and though he must often have grinned as he wrote, not a letter was formed in malice. Consequently the victims, our noble selves, can laugh too, on the right side of our faces, and with the suspicion confirmed that—by

St. George and the dragon! we certainly are rather noble.

Donald Cameron comes south to scratch a living, and having no definite aptitudes, enters journalism—the profession which to-day supplants the Army as the haven of the undecided. Fleet Street is always putting the perceptive Scot in a front seat for the English panorama, and—as they say in Fleet Street—he has given a new angle to the story. Our sports, politics, society, our famous and sacred week-end, our paradoxes, taboos and most solemn habits become instantly and enormously funny. Young Mr. Cameron can describe as well as satirise gaily: the village cricket chapter invigorates like the smell of a new-mown pitch. This book will tickle English ribs, for the author has mastered the most English thing of all—humour.

The Scottish Mr. Macdonell leaves us with a good conceit of ourselves; Mr. Richard Aldington, an Englishman, made me feel I had blundered in being a compatriot. From the blue distance of Italy, Mr. Aldington surveys the race and its struggles beneath the lowering post-war sky with some distaste.

Yet much of his censure is, no doubt, deserved; and being a hopeless lot, we cannot prevent eminent novelists writing at us with virility, eloquence and style and craftsmanship.

The story concerns a sensitive soul. Tony Clarendon, separated from the Hungarian girl, Katha, by the war, fails to trace her when she has grown up into the only woman in 1919. He marries Margaret, therefore, and some money; becomes in time indifferent to both; makes a second search for Katha and achieves his Hungarian rhapsody. The story is not remarkable; it is in the incidentals the book succeeds—as, for example, Tony's slowly gathering revolt against the two-penny-halfpenny values of this financial-commercial century, when what should be life "is patronisingly pushed into the status of spare-time hobbies." The minor characters are more alert and finished than the big portraits. Hardly a satisfying novel, "All Men are Enemies" has long stretches where the writer is running strong and dead between the tapes.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds spins a yarn about a mysterious Jew's pretty secretary, who has the sort of steel nerves only girls now possess, and needs them all in her encounters with crooks, Egyptians and other naughty nationals who traffic in drugs. The plot abounds in tight corners for Alfrey Carr, but (you bet) everything comes right in the end.

A.B.

*Three the Drive.* By F. O. Mann. Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

*Eagle-Feather.* By Catherine I. Dodd. Jarrold. 7s. 6d.

*A Street in Moscow.* By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Grayson. 7s. 6d.

IN "Three the Drive" Mr. Mann writes of a precocious, inconsequent, impish, extravagant, impudent, adorable family. But in his creation of the Otways he has achieved as vivid and delightful a characterisation as any in modern fiction.

Mr. Mann just throws a few episodes of a few months of their lives into his book, and the result is a joyous event.

"The Drive, Friar's Gate," is all that a London suburb should be. It is peopled with just the right sort of middle-class tenants—successful, certain and solemn. Nothing has ever occurred to disturb the even tenour and even dullness of its set way. It is dominated by the spirit of its landlord, Mr. Mann's own Mr. Albert Grope, of pleasant if portentous memory.

At Number Two lived Mr. Tarrant (his opulent possession of fish shops discreetly hidden), his wife and his heir, reading for Inter B.A. London but relentlessly acquiring the solemnity and pomposity of the spiritual atmosphere of the Drive. At Number Four lived Mrs. Boomer, a lady of dynamic, if undeveloped, character, with her husband and her daughter, just left school but under the far more severe discipline of her mother. On this serene atmosphere burst in the Otways.

This delicious family can only be outlined. They must be read about to be believed. From the Professor (of Icelandic Literature and Teutonic Culture) to the latest arrival, each member of the family is an individual of unusual vigour and intellect. Their conversation is the wildest mixture of philosophy and the latest talk of the gutter. This applies to Lighters, the eldest boy at Oxford, as well as Tongo, the littlest girl. With a marked degree of what "The Drive" would call "rudeness" to their parents, the family is knit with the strongest bonds of real affection and mutual understanding. Needless to say they tonic up "The Drive" in their all-too-brief sojourn there, but afterwards it sinks back into its own personality.

Mr. Mann has written a delightful story. There is a description of a "hike" by the Otway family, with their younger neighbours, which is astonishingly well done. A book to be recommended.

Miss Catherine I. Dodd's "Eagle-Feather" is in no way a work of fiction. She tells the story of Mary Wollstonecraft, of her daughter, and, particularly, of Percy Bysshe Shelley. But she tells it with so much enthusiasm, it is so clearly a labour of love to her, that there is a sweep and a vigour about her book which is often only too lacking in much contemporary fiction.

She was inspired to write "Eagle-Feather" by a chance meeting with Robert Browning, and it is, of course, from his poem that she has taken her title. Not everyone will agree with all her opinions. But here is a true portrait of the poet in an eminently readable book.

I can well believe that in the original Russian, Ilya Ehrenbourg's "A Street in Moscow" was a story of unusual interest—for those who still seek the intense introspection of the lesser followers of Turgenev and Tchekov. But this translation defeated me. It is solemnity personified. It goes back to the bad old days when William Archer religiously denied a great natural humorist like Ibsen the vestige of even a joke and when to laugh with Tchekov was the sin of sins.

But such Russian novels have their uses. They convince me that people like these can never ultimately dominate the world.

W.F.

### The English Spirit

*The English Muse.* By Oliver Elton. Bell. 16s. net.

Dr. Elton's exhaustive book on English poetry from the dawn of our civilisation until yesterday, does not present the problem so much as a natural growth; but, rather, reveals tendencies and achievements as they arose without moralising or relating them to any previous tendencies. Those, therefore, who expect to find the house of English poetry built up—storey on storey—will be disappointed; but nobody will be able to complete the book without knowing that the finished mould of poetry as we know it in this country to-day has been shaped and reshaped through greater and smaller ages, and that the process is likely to continue through infinite periods into the remote future.

We ought to feel a Chinese piety towards the Old English poets, the nameless ancestors of so long a line; they deserve promotion by a state decree a thousand years after their departure. The pedigree is sound, if the links at times appear to be faint. There is such a thing as the English spirit, and it is mirrored in our poetry. The love of righteousness and order, the passion for adventure of the mind and body, and the perception of natural beauty, are in the race; they are but deepened by the mixtures in the stock and by the influence of foreign literatures.

Thus speaks Dr. Elton in the opening paragraph; and he amply fulfils his promise in a book which discloses all the virtues and vices of the English mind as they have found expression in poetry. Perhaps the method whereby he reveals those aspects of individual poets which have long remained in the shadow forms the most important episodes in his treatment of English poetry. Spencer, Donne, Milton and Dryden come in for a good deal of this; and who but one who has steeped himself in the poetry of that period would have come out with so uncharacteristic a poem of Herbert's, which yet throws so much light on Caroline poetry, as the "Flower"?

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tribute of pleasure bring;  
Grief melts away,  
Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing.

It is this resignation to the unusual in our poets—the classical element in Chaucer, the moral element in Shakespeare, the ontological element in Milton, and the musical element in Shelley—that renders the book an invaluable contribution to its subject. His revelation of Wordsworth, too, as a poet who made the form of his poetry adapt itself to the size and mood of the thought which it portrayed (the sonnet for a short and precise meaning) is deeply interesting.

Much of Wordsworth's reflective writing is in blank verse; likewise such narrative as *Michael* and the *Brothers*. The pace is now slow and measured, unlike that of the lyrical ballads. The feeling, though profound, cannot be called melancholy. The actors are long departed; their whole life-history, however grievous, is seen as something remote; all has been harmonised by that greatest of poets, Time. Nothing can show the strength and solidity of the poet's workmanship better than *Michael*, where the plainer parts are no less dignified than the solemn parts, and the effect is final.

Through the greater part of his book everyone will probably agree that Dr. Elton preserves a fine sense of proportion in the amount of space which he affords to poets of varying stature; but the close is rather disappointing in this respect. He has excluded all living poets from his pages—so that we get a glimpse of Herbert Trench and Harold Monro, and a fairly long exposition of Robert Bridges; but hear nothing of Walter de la Mare, T. S. Eliot and Edmund Blunden—to name but a few. Apart from these omissions in the last chapter, however, it would be impossible to conceive a book which treats more exhaustively of so many names and provides a more ample index.

A.S.

### The Queen of Hearts

*Mary Stuart : Forgotten Forgeries.* By Sir George Turner. Rich & Cowan. 10s. 6d.

[Reviewed by M. SCOTT JOHNSTON]

THOUGH no serious scholar can now doubt the innocence of Mary Queen of Scots, or can regard her trial as anything but a dramatic example of the depths to which fear and political expediency will drive otherwise respectable and honest persons, the old wrangle still persists, and verdicts of "Not Guilty" now rain as thick as the clever iniquities that were so effective when their objective was still alive.

If there is anyone still inclined to believe in the authenticity of the Casket Letters, he will be hard put to it to establish his claim in the face of Sir George Turner's arguments *de facto* and *de jure*. The facts are unanswerable. The arguments are logical and quite convincing, though it is a pity that in the heat of controversy, the author sometimes oversteps the boundaries of proportion, and gives Elizabeth and her ministers no credit at all for the undoubted difficulty of their position. The very magnitude of the difficulty is reflected in the monstrous tale of forgery, bribery, calumny, cruelty and utter callousness with which they tried to circumvent it.

Sir George Turner revives the Simmonds-Campbell letters controversy. He believes that they were originally part of the Casket Letters, but that they were withheld from the "Trial" for the very good reason that they incriminated too many of the murderers of Rizzio and Darnley. He sees in them the hand of that accomplished villain and forger Lethington, and argues, with convincing logic, that the whole bag of tricks was produced by forgery for the express purpose of ruining the tragic Queen. Their success in achieving this end is infamous history.

This book is a useful addition to the literature of the case. It would have been even more valuable if the facts, scientific in themselves and collected with unimpeachable industry and research, had been equally scientifically presented. Bad rhetoric and appeals to sentimentality are both irritating and redundant. The real Mary is still her best defence.

### The Youth of Christianity

*The Gospel in the Early Church.* By James Mackinnon. Longmans Green. 16s.

PROFESSOR Mackinnon, in this continuation of his "Historic Jesus," traces the development of Christian thought from the death of Christ to the middle of the second century. His book appeals not only to the specialist and those who profess and call themselves Christians, but also to every thinking man and woman. The application of the scientific method of history to the beginnings of Christianity affords an invaluable analysis of belief and its foundations, and it need scarcely be said that the ultimate truth of doctrine and dogma is no more affected by the study of its development than the reality of man by the principle of evolution.

Necessarily the influence of Paul takes a prominent position in this work. It was Paul's supreme accomplishment that he made Christianity, once and for all, a universal and not a Jewish religion. At the same time, Professor Mackinnon argues that not all of Paul's contributions to the faith were equally salutary. His profound contempt for philosophy, "the wisdom of men," was a temperamental failing. His knowledge of Greek philosophy was only secondhand.

He cannot wing his way from Jewish traditional conceptions into the realm of pure thought, which might have enabled him to reinforce his arguments for the resurrection of Jesus by a larger view of the rational nature, the innate moral capacity of man.

Professor Mackinnon considers that while Jesus himself had envisaged his transcendental future in the apocalyptic aeon which was to come, he does not seem to have claimed the exercise of such a function in the creation of the world or proclaimed his pre-existence. The theory of a pre-existent agent of God's creative power, the Wisdom or Word (Logos) of God, was first applied by Paul to Christ. Here, it would seem, is the first step towards the conception of the Trinity, which grows gradually from monotheism, through a bonitarian stage to the inclusion of the Holy Ghost.

Our author's discussion on Paul's mysticism would perhaps have been clearer and more convincing if he had pointed out that the mystic vision is a spiritual experience which in itself has no connection at all with any particular religion or ethics. It happens, and since it has to be interpreted in terms of time and space, its expression is moulded by the religion and experience of those to whom the vision has come.

Professor Mackinnon's criticisms and outlook are eminently sane and moderate and he is never afraid to test his scale of values. More than once he stigmatises as "crass" the notion that still sometimes prevails of Christ being the innocent victim, sacrificed to appease the wrath of an angry God. Perhaps he is a little too prone to scout the theory of Demons ruling the world, which was itself believed by Jesus. The other day a psychologist said to the reviewer: "What am I doing all day long but throwing out devils?" So in a different form the theory of Demonic possession has returned to the world, though the devils as well as the Kingdom of Heaven are to be found within the self.

### A Monte Carlo Mystery

*Where Every Prospect Pleases.* By Robertson Halkett. Benn. 7s. 6d.

[Reviewed by W.H.B.]

"Where Every Prospect Pleases" is the sort of book one seizes  
With the thought, "Well this will do to pass the time,"  
But in less than thirty pages you'll confess that not for ages

Have you revelled so in mystery and crime,  
There's a heroine called Sadie who's a charming little lady,  
And a villain who would give some points to Nero;  
He is fat and mops his forehead in a way that's simply horrid,  
And till near the end outwits the guileless hero.

Sadie who's a bit imprudent—for a lady really shouldn't—  
Whips the villain who on getting back his breath  
Swears he'll get her to his chateau (close to Monte on a plateau)

And will there in public flog the girl to death.  
How the foul brute very nearly keeps his promise and is merely

Stopped in time by one of Nature's little tricks,  
I must let the author tell you, any bookseller will sell you

Mr. Halkett's yarn (E. Benn) for seven and six.

*Ratseis Ghost.* John Rylands Facsimiles. Manchester University Press. 6s.

This facsimile reproduction of a rogue pamphlet known through a single copy in the John Rylands Library at Manchester will be of real value to scholars. For if Ratsey himself ranks no higher than the heroes of the average conny-catching literature, he has gained immortality by a lucky chance. He mentions "Hamlet" and seems to refer to Burbage, while a sarcastic reflection concerning actors who have become "exceeding wealthy" may refer to Shakespeare. The chapter dealing with the life of players—the pamphlet is dated 1605—will continue to be quoted as a primary document by students of the Elizabethan drama.

*Half the Seas Over.* By C. W. Collinson. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Collinson is a cheerful companion in a journey that starts in Canada and ends in Australia and his book is easy enough to read, if anyone has the time to spend on it. He certainly tried to see everything he could as he trotted across the world and there is a certain naïvete in his attitude to things foreign, which is not without charm. This good-humoured diary of a globe-trotter may serve to whet the appetite of those who long to travel: it is not intended to be taken seriously. The photographs are excellent.

### This Bubble Universe

*The Expanding Universe.* By Sir Arthur Eddington. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

SOME centuries have passed since the learned men of the age devoted much ingenuity and time to the consideration of a problem that seemed to them of vital significance: "how many angels can dance on the point of a needle?" Their answers have been forgotten and the riddle has ceased to interest. A century hence our descendants are likely to look on the speculations of our physicists and astronomers with the same quiet and contemptuous amazement.

Nowadays, for some mysterious reason, a large public likes to read cryptograms of this kind: "A hundred thousand million stars make one galaxy; a hundred thousand million galaxies make one universe." Such words are less melodious than the secret formulae of the magicians or the blessed word "Mesopotamia," but they are no more intelligible. They have, however, a certain danger. The ordinary man is apt to fall into the scientist's pathetic delusion that there is really something great and impressive about an enormous number or some ridiculous sum of light-years. Yet the mathematician knows that there is no more connection between the size of a number and its importance than between the size of a picture and its beauty.

However, Professor Eddington has given a remarkably clear and readable account of how this universe of ours is expanding with vertiginous rapidity, and the galaxies are flying apart with ever-increasing velocity. It is a terrible thought that their behaviour is cutting down the generous allowance of years which our astronomers had allotted to the age of the universe. Only 1900 million years ago the nebulae which are running away from us and one another so fast were close together in a congested crowd. It is consoling to think that the new theory of the universe as an expanding bubble which will eventually burst deducts nothing from the-one-forgets-how-many million years that the world has still to live.

### Crook or Genius?

*Ivar Kreuger.* By George Solovetchik. Peter Davies. 5s.

THIS "Sinners' Library" series is just the place for a biography of Kreuger, the magician of Swedish match finance, who cost the world more millions than can even now be completely reckoned. Was Kreuger crook or genius? The answer arising from Mr. Solovetchik's admirable study would seem to be that he was both, and his very genius led him further and further into a maze of deceit that was only suspected when he could no longer find his way about in it himself. Mr. Solovetchik is to be congratulated alike on the fineness of his psychological enquiry, the compelling simplicity of his arrangement, and the excellence of his style. These must go to make his "Ivar Kreuger" a book of enthralling interest, even to the thousands of his victims who may still be wondering why they poured confidence and cash into his adroit and unscrupulous hands.

## Novels in Brief

*Tip-toe on a Hill.* By T. P. Wood. Rich & Cowan. 7s. 6d.

**I**N modern jargon this is a psychological study of the reaction of a small boy to the war; but as psychology and reaction are two of the most over-worked words in the language, it may be better to call it "What Peter thought of the War." During those hectic years Peter was in the nursery or at pre-preparatory schools in England, and he had every opportunity of noticing the effect of war on the quiet family life of half a generation ago. So far as we know, this is the first book of its kind, presumably autobiographical, and it is therefore cheering to find that in 1918 Peter faces the world, a little sobered perhaps for his age, but sane and confident. Mr. Wood must tell us more about Peter after the War.

*Without a Stair.* By Kathleen Wallace. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

"Without A Stair," by Kathleen Wallace, has force. It is the tale of a woman who climbed without a stair, on her own initiative. She sinned, and because of her sinning brings unhappiness to those she loves. The scene is laid in China. Hester Denham is a religious fanatic and, feeling that her sister Fern should not marry a worthless creature, forbids Fern's marriage to Austen Romanes. Fern commits suicide, and it turns out that Hester is, all the time, in love with Austen herself. Anstey is the result of the love and Anstey then becomes the subsidiary heroine of the tale. They all meet at Tong-chow and the adventures are fast and furious. Perhaps a little too fast and a little too furious and a shade too melodramatic, but the scenes in Fong-chow are admirably described.

*Mr. Daddy—Detective.* By Collin Brooks. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

This detective story opens well, if a little slowly, with a well-drawn portrait of Mr. Daddy and much pleasing appreciation of the byways of London. The reader finds himself plunging about through the underworld of smugglers and dope-dealers hot on the scent of the murderer of a beautiful young girl. Perhaps the conclusion is a little disappointing after the violent action that goes before, but it is certain that no reader will lay the book aside, until he has reached the last page.

*Seven by Seven.* By Hans Duffy. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

**M**R. DUFFY has written before a clever and witty book. Here he tells a story in a maddeningly disjointed manner and without much story to tell. Presumably he means to cast at us a slice of life, raw or, at all events, much underdone. But the people of the slice have so little in their characters with which to interest an outside world, and their actions or reactions, almost wholly subjective, are so confused and confusing that attention soon wanders. Mr. Duffy might have given us a good novel of its own kind and some day he will. But not this time.

## FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

*The Bitter Tea of General Yen.* Directed by Frank Capra. Regal.

*Endurance.* Commentary by Commander Worsley, D.S.O. Marble Arch Pavilion.

*Movie Crazy.* General Release.

**T**HE cinemas are having a good time just at the moment as a reward for showing pictures which are considerably above the average, and the two newcomers should have plenty of admirers. "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," which replaces "The Bill of Divorcement" at the Regal, has the advantage of being topical and it poses "the heathen Chinee" against a much saner background than is usually his lot. Here Nils Asther, as the Chinese War Lord, and Barbara Stanwyck, as the missionary girl, toy with the more obvious differences between the civilisations of the East and West, for once to the aggrandisement of the East.

The case against the missionaries is put very simply and the girl, having been beaten on all sides by the imperturbable general, sails for Shanghai a wiser and a sadder woman. The more spectacular parts of the picture, which deal with some aspects of the recent Chinese troubles, are soberly handled and Mr. Capra's direction throughout is admirably firm. Oriental films as a rule consist of people with serious faces who, supposedly endowed with much sapience, intrude themselves to murmur apropos, say a murder, such wisdom as "The Master said 'Do not pull up your stockings in a melon field or arrange your hat under a peach tree lest people think you are stealing'"; one should be grateful that the sayings of the Master, gongs and long finger nails have been given a little respite.

"Endurance," which is at the Marble Arch Pavilion, was shown in silent form some time ago, but sound has now been added to this picture of Sir Ernest Shackleton's bid to span the South Pole. The film is a record of this glorious failure and the camera shows, more plainly than any pen can describe, the incredible hardships which the members of this expedition had to undergo and the great fortitude which they displayed. Too few films are made by this country which give even a glimpse of the nation's greatness and this picture should be seen by everyone. Commander Worsley's commentary is clear and delivered without frills, while the photography of Mr. Hurley is remarkably fine.

Harold Lloyd's latest farce, "Movie Crazy," is generally released this week. He has made the same use of clever and original tricks to raise laughter as he has done in his previous pictures, and succeeds here much better than has been the case for some time in keeping the fun going. One particular sequence in a tank is a brilliant piece of fooling and the changes he manages to ring on this situation are bewildering. His leading lady is Constance Cummings and peculiar interest attaches to her performance as she has recently been engaged to appear in a British film. If we can direct her as well as Mr. Lloyd does, she should prove a good acquisition.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Corporal Punishment in Education

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. F. T. Horsey, asks what punishment can be substituted for caning. Well, like most other people, I have been to school and was at Dulwich for five years (1906-1910). During this period corporal punishment, if not officially abolished, was suspended. I do not remember a single authenticated case of this type of punishment.

It is true that there were very occasional prefectorial canings ("bannings" they were called), but this was for breaches of etiquette by the boys between themselves. Boys who misbehaved *vis-à-vis* the School Authorities were "kept in" after school hours, and really hardened sinners were given two hours' extra tuition on half holidays. By these methods a very high standard of discipline was maintained. When I state that there were 700 boys at the school during the period I have mentioned, of all characters and dispositions, surely Mr. Foster will admit that discipline can be obtained without the rod.

Furthermore, corporal punishment has long since been abolished in the schools of most (if not all) Continental countries. Presumably order maintains in such schools. Again, during the last decade an increasing number of summonses have been taken out by parents against schoolmasters for assaulting (by caning) their sons. It is true that the masters have generally gained the day, but surely this is evidence that public opinion is turning against corporal punishment.

Also, there is the very unpleasant charge of Sadism which can be (and very often truly) levelled against the use of the cane. In these enlightened days corporal punishment should go the way of such Victorian impedimenta as fryingpan whiskers and flannel petticoats.

"A SOLICITOR."

[This letter finds comment in "Notes of the Week."—*EDITOR, Saturday Review.*]

SIR,—As I am a convinced protagonist of corporal punishment in our schools, the letter of your correspondent, Mr. Horsey, accusing me of revealing myself as an antagonist came as rather a shock. Since, however, my personal conviction is of no importance to anyone but myself and the unfortunate lads who may happen to be under me, I will not expand this side of the correspondence.

Mr. Horsey then challenges me to tell your readers what punishment I would substitute for the cane, should that venerable institution cease to function; but surely he does not seriously maintain that there is no alternative—that in the schools of "more than half a century ago" it was the cane or nothing! I can think of so many ways of making some impression on a boy's mind before I reached the state of wanting to batter his body to that end that, were I to begin to elaborate them, I should very soon weary you, and your readers, and your interesting correspondent.

May I just add that I think Mr. Horsey's contention that the problem "offers unlimited scope for the expression of pseudo-psychological drivel and sloppy humanitarianism" is true; but cannot this also be said of our attempts to abolish war, blood sports, and religious persecution?

ASHLEY SAMPSON.

5, Harrington Gardens, S.W.1.

### The Economics of Abundance

SIR,—The title of this article recalls the 18th century saying of Dr. Quesnay: "Abundance and cheapness are not wealth, scarcity and dearness are misery, abundance and dearness are opulence."

Nor is it less orthodox to attribute an economic crisis to over-production. At the beginning of the 19th century, the evils of the factory system were generally ascribed to this very cause. On the other hand, since hundreds of millions of people are still begging for ordinary necessities, it is surely absurd to suggest, as Sir Herbert Austin remarked in the *Times*, that the world is suffering from over-production.

Over-production is a symptom, and, to quote Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby, "symptoms are ultimately effects, not

causes; we have to look deeper than this." Mr. Tilby has looked deeper at one point in his article. He alludes to "a society whose supplies of food could be augmented and adjusted to its increasing numbers." That is the rub. For if the supply of all goods, not of food only, were adjusted to demand, over-production could hardly arise.

Mr. Tilby examines two economic revolutions. It was, however, a third and psychological revolution which abolished all attempts at adjustment between production and consumption at the very moment when, owing to a huge growth in the supply of industrial products, such an adjustment became even more essential than heretofore.

Thus the poison of *laissez-faire*, which ran so strongly in Dr. Quesnay's veins, has not lost its virulence; nor has abundance for all replaced scarcity for the many to this very day.

J. S. HREHT.

Bexhill-on-Sea.

### Learning to Drive

SIR,—The recent plea by a motor insurance authority for a radical improvement in the standard of car driving, followed by the publication by the Pedestrians' Association this week of a pamphlet in favour of tests for drivers, must suggest to anyone who has read them that increased tuition in motor driving at properly conducted schools approved by the R.A.C. would have its immediate effect in a reduction of road accidents.

We go to school or to expert teachers to learn to do all sorts of harmless things such as playing the piano, hitting a golf ball or painting a picture, and if we are entering on any occupation, such as a doctor's or a sailor's, in which the lives of others depend upon us, we have to go through the most rigid schooling and examinations.

Motor driving at present is one of the few accomplishments which it is popularly believed can be "picked up" without proper tuition by experts. This is curious, considering that upon the driver depend the lives of himself, his passengers and every other user of the road—and pavement.

G. E. T. EVSTON.

52, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1.

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# SANDEMAN PORT

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## THEATRE

*Savoy.* "Jolly Roger." By Scobie Mackenzie and V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. Music by Walter Leigh.

THE joint authors and the composer of this quite jolly Roger should be called fortunate. They have not been compelled to wait for death to grant them a kind of immortality or to find other lands to discover the merit in their work. For once the critics here in England have called them masters, and the great names of Gilbert and Sullivan have been bandied in their honour.

Have they really deserved all this? Or was the embargo threatened by Equity, with the sympathetic atmosphere thus created, largely responsible for all this extravagance of praise? Perhaps it was, for Gilbert and Sullivan seem to me still lonely on their heights of achievement.

"Jolly Roger" is quite a fair burlesque, with admirably deft lyrics and dialogue, which is, quite often, in the true manner of parody and caricature. But it would, perhaps, have served even better as the stuff of a straight, sentimental musical comedy. It is not topsy-turvy or Carolean; it does not satirize anything particular in life or letters; it is not fantastic or particularly fanciful. But it does make fun of a familiar plot fastened round a villainous seventeenth century governor of Jamaica, an Admiral of the West Indies, a young planter and the Admiral's daughter. How the young planter is arrested as a pirate by the Governor, who is really a pirate; how the Admiral, who holds a royal warrant for the arrest of the Governor, falls into the villain's hands aboard the pirate ship, which masquerades as a unit of the King's navy; how the young planter and the Admiral escape and turn the tables at the end of the third act; all this together with the love story of planter (Jolly Roger

himself) and Admiral's daughter can well be imagined.

These clever authors have chosen to burlesque it and have used some wit (but not really enough) in doing so. Two other authors (or a round dozen) collaborating in a musical comedy or a romantic operetta, might have told the same story with perfectly straight faces and cheeks unadorned by a tongue and got away with it. Gilbert told a ridiculous story with complete gravity, and in the telling satirised the life of his time; these authors make a commonplace story ridiculous, and hardly deal in satire. It is all quite good fooling, without enough necessity for the folly.

And the music? This is clever, distinctive, often original, and sometimes distinguished. But it has not the wit and humour of score which were given to Sullivan, nor anything very like an equal melody and harmony. The music—like the libretto, only more so—might so easily have been the music of musical comedy or romantic operetta, more in the manner of Messager than of the Daly or Gaiety composers.

Does all this sound captious? It is not so meant, for this is a jolly and a jolly good British show, thoroughly deserving popular approval and likely to secure it for quite a long time. There are dull passages of words and airs, but the thing moves with spirit, intelligence and life. None of the tunes are ill-favoured and some will make their small fortune as gramophone records. "Farewell to Life" (a ballad for the tenor), "Sunset" (a duet for tenor and soprano), "Sweet William" (a sentimental duet very gently burlesqued) and "Barratry, Arson, Rape, and Slaughter" (a very neat, witty, catchy quartet for male voices, singing really good satiric verse) are surely among these.

Then comes Mr. George Robey, darling of the gods and brief villain of the Equity melodrama. He was Mr. George Robey and magnificently a droll. He was also "Bold Ben Blister," playing a straight part with wit and point. He never dwarfed the stage, arrested the pace of the piece, or spoilt the show by clowning. On the contrary, he made it. He compelled laughter. Add to him Mr. Victor Orsini, with a remarkable range of voice, a most efficient cast of actor-singers or singer-actors and you have by now all the reasons for an undoubted and encouraging success.

G.C.P.

*Queen's Theatre.* Once in a Lifetime. By Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman.

Sir Barry Jackson has transported the whole of the Birmingham cast for this London production of "Once in a Lifetime," and excellently well done it is. In the large cast (and there are over forty) there is hardly anyone at all well-known to London playgoers and yet all the performances are polished.

"Once in a Lifetime" is an exceedingly clever satire on Hollywood and the joint authors have managed to pack their script with humour. It is an excellent evening's entertainment and on the score of laughter alone, it can hold its place even with the Aldwych farces.

P.K.

### Entertainments

QUEEN'S THEATRE	(Gerrard 4517)
Every Evening at 8.30	
Matinees Wednesdays & Saturdays at 2.30	
BARRY JACKSON presents—	
The Birmingham Repertory Company in	
<b>"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"</b>	
by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.	

If you, or any of your loved ones, have suffered from a "stroke," the dread Epilepsy, or, even worse, Encephalitis Lethargica, (Sleepy Sickness), Brain Tumour, Infantile Paralysis or Creeping Palsy, you may feel a close sympathy with the patients of

**THE HOSPITAL FOR  
EPILEPSY & PARALYSIS**

Maida Vale - - London, W.9

## Next Week's Broadcasting

There are three important musical programmes next week. In the Sunday Orchestral Concert Dushkin is playing Stravinsky's Concerto in D, in the Chamber Concert (March 13th, 8 p.m., National) Dushkin and Stravinsky are giving the first performance in England of the latter's Duo Concertant, and in the Symphony Concert (March 15th, 8.15 p.m., National) Cortot will play Schumann's A minor Concerto.

The cast of "Macbeth" (March 12th, 3.30 p.m., Regional) includes Cecil Ramage, who is also giving the evening poetry readings during the week. Ramage made his stage debut as Antony in the O.U.D.S. production of "Antony and Cleopatra" in 1921.

The readings last week were given by Robert Harris, who was in the O.U.D.S. at the same time. He gave a brilliant performance of the Reader in Hardy's "The Dynasts" in 1920 and was an excellent Feste in the open-air production of "Twelfth Night" in 1921. He has a beautiful voice which it is always a pleasure to hear, but he still displays a tendency to keep his voice raised in pitch at the end of a sentence instead of descending to a key-note. This not only makes his own task harder by restricting his range of expression but comes dangerously near to being monotonous. To escape monotony and to avoid being theatrical is the difficult task of the poetry reader. It will be interesting to see how Cecil Ramage tackles it.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 25

AN INVITATION BY THE SEA-MAIDS SUNG,  
WHO KNOW THE ART TO KEEP OR MAKE US YOUNG :  
MUCH LIKE WHAT ARIEL TRILLED IN THAT LONE ISLE  
WHERE FERDINAND WAS ORDERED LOGS TO PILE.  
1. A bulky bird with female pig inside it.  
2. Curtail this beast: no angler can abide it.  
3. We know this rule is good—so long we've tried it.  
4. In painter's studio I have my place.  
5. May serve for "very" with the Scottish race.  
6. "Tell us this Light!" By no means! Not at all!  
7. Find in your leg the birth-place of St. Paul.  
8. Heart of hard substance 'neath the wild waves  
[growing].  
9. Each lobster has one, at its tail-end showing.  
10. Drunk by our ancestors, now rather rare.  
11. As sure as these is these, a cat's no hare.

### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC NO. 24

T	a	r	a	t	a	n	t	a	A			
H	a	l	f	-	a	n	d	-	h	a	l	F
E	m				I				N			
P	a	w				N						
O	d	a	l	i	s	q	u	E				
E	n	g	u	l		F	*					
T	i	m	b	e		R						
S	i	s	t	i	n	E						
E	m	i	g	r	a	t	o	N				
Y	n	a				Z						
E	l	e	g			Y						

\* The earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their households, and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods . . . Notwithstanding the children of Korah died not. Num. xvi. 32 and xxvi. 11.

The winner of Acrostic No. 23 (the first correct solution opened) was Mr. George Fairholme, to whom a book has been sent.

## Electricity Consumers Protection Association

### AIMS AND OBJECTS

- 1.—To watch carefully the developments of the Joint Electricity Authority.
- 2.—To urge Municipalities to secure protection before handing over their rights to an untried bureaucracy.
- 3.—To interest elected representatives and to avoid hurried surrender of Local Authorities existing rights.
- 4.—To investigate and advise members on all questions of electricity services and charges.

### MEMBERSHIP FORM

I, the undersigned, desire to be enrolled as a member of the E.C.P.S., and agree to contribute the sum of One Shilling per annum towards the Society's funds.

(Full Name).....

(Address).....

Hon. Secretary :  
W. H. ASHBEE, 3 Bloomsbury Street,  
W.C.1

**CITY.—By OUR CITY EDITOR**

*Lombard Street, Thursday.*

THE City of London's shock-absorbers have been subjected to a severe strain during the post-war period and particularly in the past three years or so of depression, but they have probably been never more severely tested than in the past few days by the American banking crisis. That the City is apparently able to take hard knocks without sustaining obvious bruises is a tribute alike to the adaptability of a system and a people who have learned by experience how to overcome the actions of "financiers" and politicians, local and international. That America was on the brink of a financial collapse has been the conviction of the City for some time; in fact, since inadequate measures were taken for dealing with the effects of the Wall street boom and its collapse in 1929. Meanwhile events have shown that those who put their trust in sterling, rather than in currencies backed more by gold than by a sound banking system, have been proved correct in their judgment of the City of London as the world's financial centre. Beyond this knowledge, the City feels little satisfaction at the turn of events in the United States.

**Effect on Stocks**

The effect of America's suspension of payments on the Stock Exchange has been to reduce still further the volume of business passing, for investors can hardly be expected to operate in times of such uncertainty, and prices were promptly marked down in all markets though rather to provide against possible sales in the absence of buyers than as the result of heavy selling as their rapid recovery showed. Much depends upon the behaviour of the sterling exchange which, as the result of the American débâcle, seems likely to improve in terms of the gold currencies generally. However temporarily, America is in fact "off" the gold standard and even in the event of a rapid return to gold by the States, sterling is likely to benefit permanently at the expense of the dollar by reason of the blow to American credit, and if the dollar is replaced at par with gold, then sterling will also benefit in terms of other gold standard currencies. Immediately after the suspension of foreign exchange dealings in London, enterprising gentlemen in Paris and Zurich were succeeding in transacting business in dollars on a basis equivalent to \$3.75—\$4 to the £ which gives some indication of the world's opinion of the worth of the dollar in relation to sterling. Bearing this in mind, gilt-edged stocks and high-class fixed interest stocks generally in this country should come into renewed demand at the expense of industrial ordinary shares and the speculative issues. But one has also to remember the benefit that industrials would derive from any revival of confidence internationally which may eventually arise as the result of America's banking collapse; while commodity prices are likely to improve in the long run following the necessarily inflationary measures which the United States is adopting to deal with the demand for currency for hoarding purposes.

**The Future of Gold**

Gold shares have been the most uncertain market owing to the uncertain future of the metal. High prices for the shares have been based on the assumption of the retention of the "gold premium" as the result of the depreciation of sterling in terms of gold. Now the market is threatened with a sharp rise in sterling in terms of the gold standard currencies and therefore in terms of gold with a consequent lower sterling price for the metal. Taking a long view it seems likely that the "gold premium" will eventually disappear, for even in the event of the permanent devaluation of sterling, working costs in the mines will tend to rise and gradually eliminate the actual "premium" accruing on gold sales. So far as the dollar is concerned, a return to the gold standard would still leave sterling with a higher level as the result of the American collapse.

**A National Institution**

The figures quoted by Sir Edgar Horne, Chairman of the Prudential Assurance, at the company's annual meeting last week were sufficient to show that the "Prudential" is entitled to be regarded as one of our national institutions. Total premiums received in the general branch amounted to £2,154,843, an increase of £84,078 on 1931; in the ordinary branch total premiums increased by £706,603 to £12,876,892, and in the industrial branch they increased by £329,074 to £19,133,362. The total number of policies in the industrial branch increased by a further 166,942 to 26,692,311 and the vastness of this figure may be realised by comparison with the total population of Great Britain. Premiums in this branch are paid largely in the form of small sums per week and with its far-reaching facilities in all branches of insurance there are few to whom the results of the "Prudential" are not of interest. The improvement in the investment position has enabled the directors to restore the reductions in bonus made a year ago and at the close of 1932 there was not only a substantial margin between market and book values of the assets, but the company had an investment reserve of £5,000,000, in addition to the contingency funds.

**The Refuge**

Mr. J. Wilcock Holgate, Chairman of the Refuge Assurance Company, was able to place very satisfactory results before the meeting at Manchester last Monday. The company's premium at £9,391,867 showed an increase over that of the previous year of £168,316, which the Chairman attributed largely to the fact that hard times encourage thrift and provision for the uncertain future. Whatever the cause, the Refuge increased its total funds by £3,034,108 to £55,753,115 and the valuation in the ordinary and industrial branches disclosed a total surplus of £1,848,378, and the rate of reversionary bonus in the ordinary branch was increased from £1 14s. per cent. to £1 18s. per cent. The company's investments now show an appreciation on their book value, while the investment reserves of £2,850,000 are intact; and the general importance of life assurance to the community can be estimated from the fact that the Refuge in nearly 70 years of existence has paid out over £76,000,000 in claims by death or maturity.

## Gramophone Notes

WHILE the output of new gramophone records has probably never reached so low a level as at the present moment, it is surprising to be told that the recent H.M.V. issue of Brahms's first Piano Concerto is a "first recording." No doubt the dark colouring of so much of this score has hitherto stood in the way of attractive reproduction, but the collaboration here of Backhaus as soloist with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Adrian Boult has had magnificent results. I can imagine no finer performance of the piano part, and the album containing these five discs will be a treasured addition to the best classical library.

Two other discs to be specially noted are those which give the *Dance of the Tumblers* and *Storm Music* of Rimsky-Korsakov—the former an excerpt from *The Snow Maiden* and the latter from *Ivan the Terrible*. Each carries its own thrill, the players here being the London Symphony Orchestra at the top of their form under Albert Coates. Coates's blood-relationship with Russia is one good reason why his interpretation of her music should be so supreme. The rhythmic vitality of that *Dance of the Tumblers* is electrifying.

H. H.

### Editorial Notice

In future, no manuscripts submitted for publication in *The Saturday Review* can be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, or a Postal Union coupon if from abroad.

### COMPANY MEETING

## METROPOLITAN ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANY

### PROGRESS MAINTAINED

The annual general meeting of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Co., Ltd., was held on Tuesday last at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Mr. GEORGE BALFOUR, M.P. (the chairman), said that the accounts showed that the regular progress recorded by the Company year by year had been maintained. The results submitted were in no small measure owing to bringing under the Company's control isolated undertakings, and enabling them to bring about comprehensive co-ordination of operation in their western area. It was due to the steady policy of consolidation, and the expenditure incurred in extending the mains and distributors, that they were able to afford supplies which could never have been contemplated by the smaller undertakings before they became part of the "Metesco" Group. They would like to follow that up by bringing in the remaining Authorities. He was satisfied they could do this with even greater advantage to those Authorities than to themselves. Wherever they had acquired additional subsidiaries, it had been for the benefit of the consumer in the district.

The Chairman said he sometimes despaired of getting the public really to understand electricity charges. They found it difficult to get the real merit and value of the two-part tariff understood until the consumer tried it.

Last year they sold 202,085,000 units, compared with 187,279,000 units in the previous year. Gross receipts from sale of current had amounted to £1,072,880, compared with £1,067,897. They were now proposing a final dividend at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares, making a total of 10 per cent. for the year, leaving a balance of £187,179 to go forward.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

## REFUGE ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

Chief Office : Oxford Street, Manchester, 1

(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND 1864)

### Summary of Directors' Report for the year ended 31st December, 1932

**Total Income for year, £11,746,148**, being an increase of £243,338 over the previous year.

**Total Assets at end of the year, £55,753,115**, being an increase of £3,034,108 during the year

**Total Claims Paid in the year, £5,374,670.** The Company has paid £76,321,508 in claims since its establishment.

**The Total Assurances existing on December 31st, 1932, amounted to £70,025,082 in the Ordinary Branch, and £98,854,377 in the Industrial Branch.**

**Reversionary Bonus of £1 - 18 - 0 per cent. declared on all Ordinary Branch participating Policies—an increase of 4s. per cent. as compared with 1931.**

**Industrial Branch: £133,933 Profits allocated to certain classes of Policyholders.**

The Premium Income in the Ordinary Branch was £4,223,042, being an increase of £83,983 over the previous year; and in the Industrial Branch it was £5,168,826, being an increase of £84,333.

J. WILCOCK HOLGATE  
Chairman.

## Public Schools

## BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL

**A**N Examination will be held on June 6th and 7th for Scholarships of £60 and £30, open to boys under 14 on June 1st.—Apply The Secretary, Berkhamsted School, Herts.

## BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL

**S**EVEN Scholarships of value £100, £60, £40, £30 are open to competition in June, 1933, for boys between 12 and 14 years on May 1st. For further particulars apply to Headmaster.

## BRIGHTON COLLEGE

**A**N examination will be held on 6th and 7th June, 1933, to elect to eight Scholarships varying in value from £80 to £45 a year. Full particulars on application to the Headmaster.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE, BRISTOL

**A**BOUT 10 entrance scholarships, value from £100 to £40 a year, and one Music scholarship of £70 a year, with free tuition in Music. Also some Exhibitions of £25 a year. Norman Cook Scholarship of £60 a year and Edgar Gollin Memorial Scholarship of £25 a year. Preliminary examination May 22nd and 23rd. Final examination May 30th, 31st and June 1st. Particulars from Secretary and Bursar, Clifton College.

## DOWNSIDE

**E**XAMINATION for Four Entrance Scholarships available for boys between the ages of 12 and 14 on August 1st will be held at Downside on July 4th and 5th. The Scholarships are of the annual value of £80.—For particulars apply to The Headmaster, Downside School, Nr. Bath.

## DURHAM SCHOOL

**T**HE Examination for King's Scholarships, ranging in annual value from £20 to £70, will begin at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, June 13. Candidates must be under 14 on July 1 following the Examination. For further particulars, apply to Rev. H. K. Luce, Headmaster, School House, Durham.

## KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK

**S**CHOLARSHIPS and Exhibitions £60—£10. Examination, June 20, 21 at Preparatory School: Age, under 14 on 1st July. Ordinary fees £123 p.a. inclusive. Apply the Rev. the Headmaster.

## KINGSWOOD, BATH.

**T**HREE Scholarships tenable for 5 years will be offered for competition at the beginning of June; open to boys under 14. There are also eight Leaving Scholarships, value from £30—£100 a year for three years.

## REPTON SCHOOL

**A**N open Examination will be held on May 30th, 31st and June 1st, 1933, at Repton for Entrance Scholarships value from £90 p.a. downwards for boys of 13 and under 15 (on June 1st). Tenants during School career under conditions. Full details from The Bursar, Repton, Derbyshire.

## SEDBERGH SCHOOL

**T**HE Bernard Wilson and ten other entrance scholarships, value £100 to £40, are offered for competition. Examination on June 8th and 9th in London and Sedbergh. The Wooler and the Chrystal Exhibitions are also available, and several Exhibitions, value £80 to £30, for boys whose parents are in need of financial assistance. For details apply to the Headmaster, Sedbergh.

## Hotels

**B**UXTON. Spa Hotel. Telephone: 211. Telegrams: "COMFORTABLE."

**C**IRENCESTER.—King's Head Hotel. Phone: 55. First Class. Moderate Terms.

**C**OATSWOLDS.—The Old Bakehouse, Stanway, near WINCHESTER, Glos.

**D**ROITWICH SPA. Park Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 33.

## WREKIN COLLEGE

**S**IIX Scholarships, value from 40 to 100 guineas, the Alison Memorial Scholarship for Music, and Six Exhibitions value 30 guineas, are offered for competition by Examination commencing June 6th, 1933. Candidates must be under 14 on January 1st, 1933.—Apply The Headmaster, Wrekin College, Wellington, Shropshire.

## CHANNING SCHOOL

**T**HREE FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of 30 guineas a year will be offered by the Governors on the result of an Examination to be held in 1933.

Two will be open for candidates over and one for a candidate under 11 years of age. For further particulars apply to the Head Mistress, Channing School, Highgate Village, London, N.6.

FARRINGTONS  
CHISLERSHURST, KENT

## Public Residential School for Girls

**A**N examination for a Scholarship of £100 a year for 3 years, and smaller Exhibitions, will be held at the School from March 28—April 1, 1933. For particulars and prospectus of the School apply to the Head Mistress, Miss A. H. Davies.

## ROEDAN SCHOOL, BRIGHTON

**A**N Examination for Scholarships and Exhibitions for girls under 14 on May 1st will be held at the school May 15th-19th. The status and title of Scholar and Exhibitioner and a minimum grant of £30 a year to each scholar and £15 a year to each exhibitioner will be awarded purely on grounds of merit. Increases up to £120 may be granted on satisfactory evidence of need for assistance. Particulars and forms of application from Secretary. Last day of entry March 31st.

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR GIRL'S  
(INCORP.) ABERDEEN

**A**LIMITED number of Entrance Scholarships will be offered by the Council on the result of an examination to be held in May. Preference given to girls under 14 in May, 1933. For particulars apply to the Head Mistress.

## ST. SWITHUN'S SCHOOL, WINCHESTER

**B**ORDING House Scholarships.—Four Scholarships of the nominal value of £15 a year will be offered by the Council on the result of an examination to be held in May, 1933. The Council will give, if necessary, additional grants up to £50 to Scholars. Applications should be made before April 1st. All particulars may be obtained from the Headmistress.

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A.D. 1885.

## EXAMINATIONS

NOTICE is hereby given that the next Examination of Candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff, and Leeds on the following dates:—

Preliminary Examination, May 1st and 2nd, 1933.

Intermediate Examination, May 3rd and 4th, 1933.

Final Examination, May 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1933.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice to the undersigned on or before March 28th, 1933.

By ORDER OF THE COUNCIL,  
A. A. GARRETT, Secretary,  
Incorporated Accountants' Hall,  
Victoria Embankment,  
London, W.C.2.

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